



The Ladies Lamentation for y^e Loss of Senesino.

G. Bickham jun. sc.

Set for y^e German Flute &c.

As musing I rang'd in the Meads all alone, A beautifull Creature was making her Moan, —

Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, And she peirc'd both the Air and my —

Heart with her Cries, Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, And she peirc'd both y^e —

Air and my Heart with her Cries.

I gently requested the Cause of her moan,
She told me her sweet Senesino was flown,
And in that sad Posture she'd ever remain,
Unless the dear Charmer wou'd come back again.

Why who is this Mortal so Cruel said I,
That draws such a stream from so Lovely an Eye,
To Beauty so blooming, what Man can be blind,
To Passion so tender, what Monster unkind.

'Tis neither for Man, nor for Woman, said she,
That thus in Lamenting I water the lee,
My Warbler Caelestial sweet Darling of fame,
Is a Shadow of something, a Sex without Name.

Perhaps 'tis some Linnet, some Blackbird, said I,
Perhaps 'tis your Lark, that has soar'd to the sky;
Come dry up your Tears, and abandon your grief,
I'll bring you another, to give you relief.

No Linnet, no Blackbird, no Skylark, said she,
But one much more tunefull, by far than all three,
My sweet Senesino for whom thus I cry,
Is sweeter than all the wing'd Songsters that fly.

Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni, Likenwise,
Whom stars, and whom Garters, extol to the skies,
Adieu to the Opera, adieu to the Ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.

FOR THE FLUTE.



